

To rot it selfe with motion.

Mef. Cesar I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serue them, which they care and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as scene: for Pompeyes name strikes more
Then could his Warre resisted.

Cesar. Anthony,
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassilles. When thou once
Was beaten from Medena, where thou flew'st
Hirsus, and Pausa Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Souldiour, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him.

Ces. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues i'th Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, Pompey
Thriues in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow Cesar,
I shall be furnishe to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Ces. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Cesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke Mandragora.

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
My Anthony is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch Mardian?

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done:

Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmion:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of Anthony!
Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mou'st,
The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
(For so he calls me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That am with Phoebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted Cesar,
When thou was't heere about the ground, I was
A morfell for a Monarke: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspek, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cesar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou Marke Anthony?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue Marke Anthony?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Queene)

He kist the last of many doubled kisses

This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine care must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
To mend the petty present, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,
Was beastly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' yeare, between extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,
Note him good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merrie,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betwene both.
Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do'st it no mans else. Mer'st thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.
Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
to Anthony, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper Char-
mian. Welcome my good Alexas. Did I Charmian, e-
uer loue Cesar so?

Char. Oh that braue Cesar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the braue Anthony.

Char. The valiant Cesar.

Cleo. By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cesar Parago nagaine:

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,

When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,

To say, as I saide then. But come, away,

Get me Inke and Paper.

he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-
ple Egypt. *Exeunt*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist
The deeds of iustest men.

Mene. Know worthy Pompey, that what they do de-
lay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays
the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
Says it will come to'th full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. Cesar gets money where
He looses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cesar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From Siluius, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for Anthony: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyesse sawce his Appetite,
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulnesse

Enter Varrus.

How now Varrus?

Varr. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:

Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter
A better care. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetor would haue dorn'd his Helme
For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-weari'd Anthony.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cesar and Anthony shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to Cesar,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by Anthony.

Pom. I know not Menas,
How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they haue entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
Our liues vpon, to vie our strongest hands
Come Menas. *Exeunt.*